

April 26 1928

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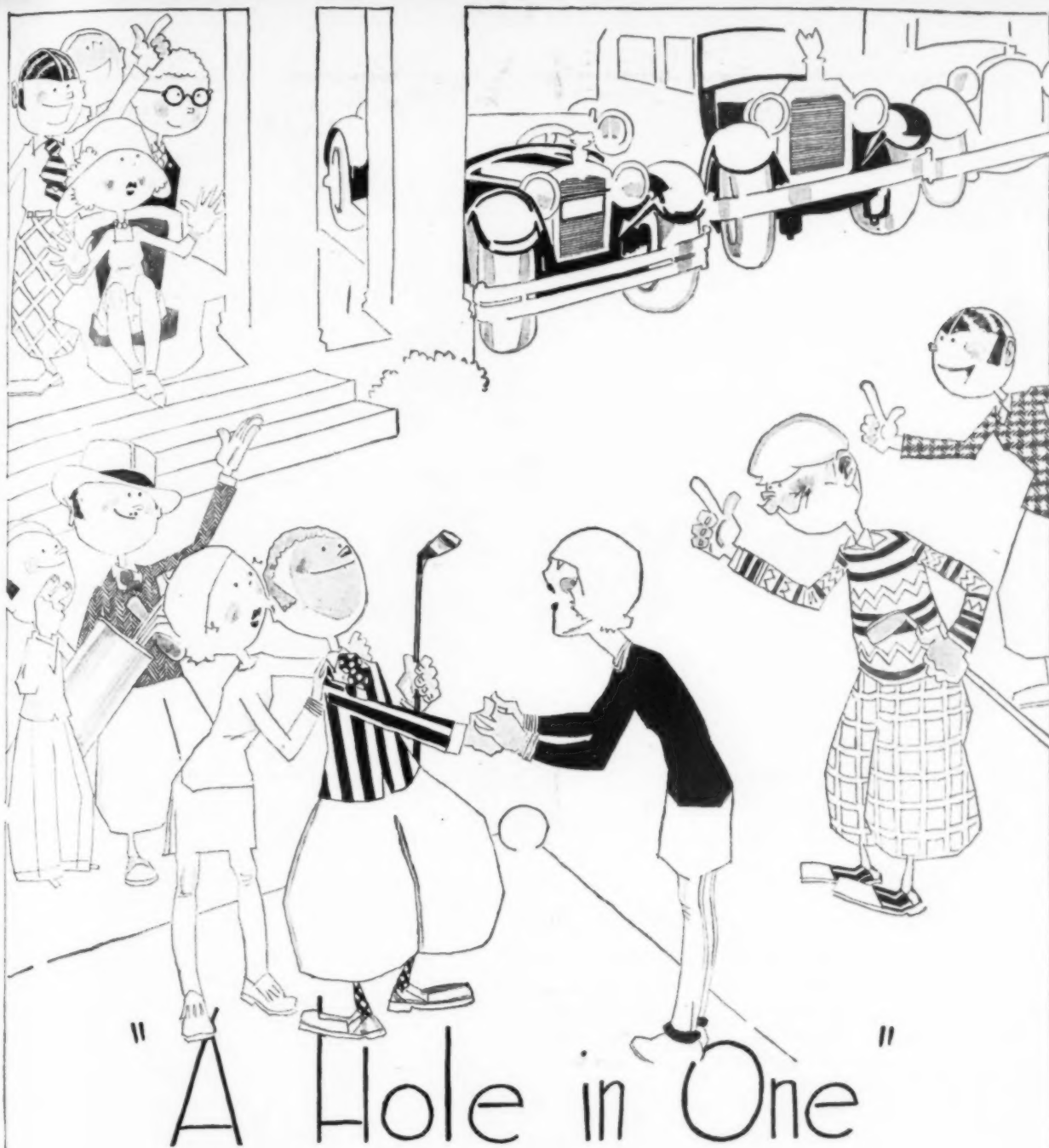
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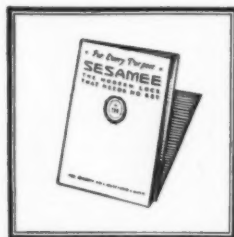
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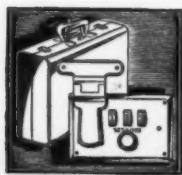
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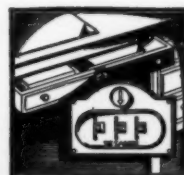


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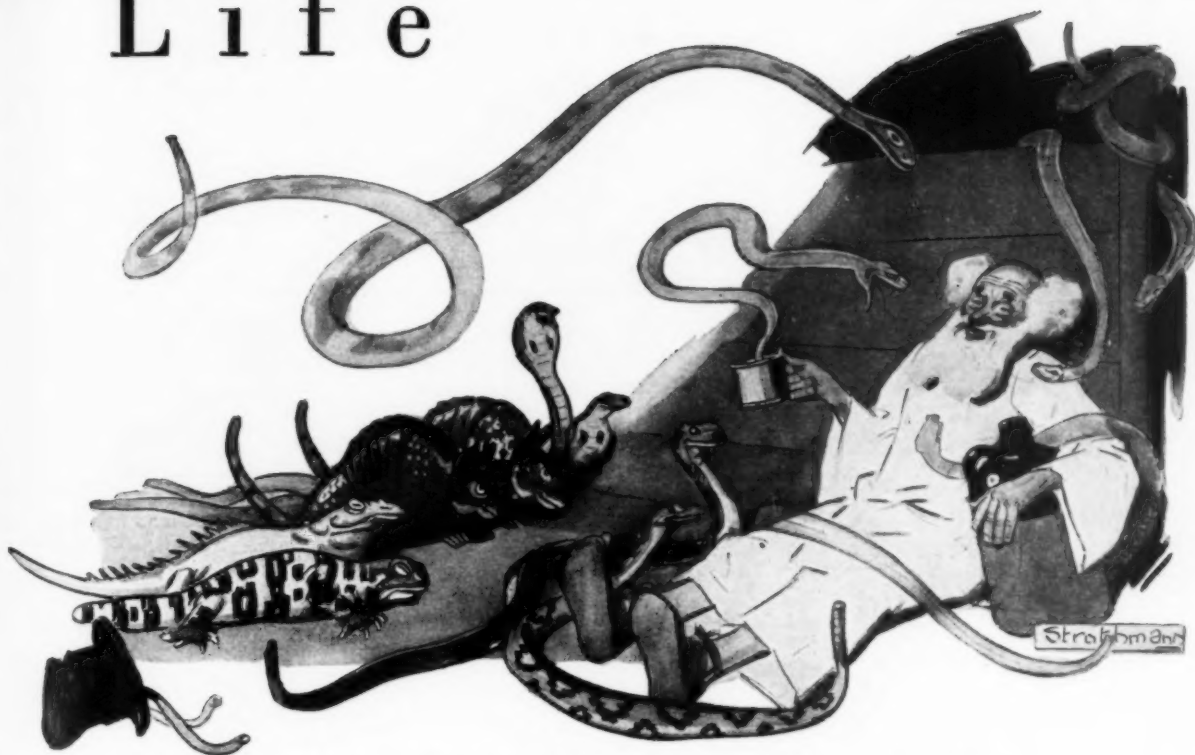


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If you cannot obtain at your favorite store the particular Sesamee lock you desire, write the Sesamee Co. at Hartford



# Life



NOAH: Say, boys, you fellers are exceeding the Ararat immigration quota for snakes.

## Taking the Girl Friend Out to Dinner

SHE: Is *this* the place you were raving about?

HE: Well, I've only been here a couple of times but it struck me as having atmosphere, sort of.

SHE: Honestly, you *slay* me! What do you call "atmosphere"—dirty napkins?

HE: They have awfully good ravioli.

SHE: I simply loathe that wop stuff.

HE: Well, the chicken à l'Ital—

SHE: Speaking of chicken, my dear! I went to the most *divine* place the other night you've ever *seen*. I was with Luther Schmidt and I'll say one thing for Luther—he may be bald and rumple-tummied but he always insists on the *best*. Gosh, we had the most *divine* *chow*. I must say when I dine out I like things attractive.

HE: *Well*, this place has quite a reputa—

SHE: I should think it *might*! The waiters look like *gunmen* or something!

HE: They say the Prince of Wales—

SHE: Have you tasted the soup?

HE: Yeah—tastes all right to me. Anything the matter with it?

SHE: It's burnt, that's all. I can't eat burnt soup. Do you like it that way?

HE: I didn't notice it was burnt. I'll get the waiter to bring you—

SHE: Don't bother, for Heaven's sakes—I'm really not a *bit* hungry. I *honestly* haven't recovered from

the simply *marvelous* dinner Luther ordered at this fascinating place he took me to dine the other night.

HE: Oh, come on—you ought to eat something.

SHE: Somehow I've suddenly lost my appetite, sort of, but *actually*, my dear, the way they prepared this chicken Luther ordered the other night was *simply delish* because this chef at this place gets about twenty-five thousand a year or something and was King Edward's personal chef or something, Luther says, and let me tell you, Luther gets service at places like that. I mean he *knows* everybody and they simply *leap* about and practicably *fall* all over themselves to *do* things for him and all. Gosh, I mean, when you dine out with Luther you feel like a queen or something—you *actually do*!

Lloyd Mayer.

## A Pleasure

JACK: I want you to marry us, parson, and this is the little girl who's to be my wife.

PARSON: Very glad to mate you.

YOU can eat your cake and put it on the expense account, too.



THE KIND MOTHER USED TO MAKE



BOBBIE: Oh, Mama! The man is going to pass—  
MAMA (napping): Very well. I bid six diamonds.

### The Rookie: A Study

(With a Brief Note on Adaptation to Climate)

**W**HAT is a rookie? Shall we say that a rookie is a ball-player who aspires to a job with a Big League team? Let's. It will probably be loads of fun. He is also known as a "busher," "colt," "recruit," "kid," "yannigan," "youngster"; and his age ranges from seventeen to thirty-eight.

He comes to a Big League team with the recommendation of a Big League scout or a college coach or a cut-rate druggist in Beeville, Tex., or the brother-in-law of a second cousin of the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the town from which the manager of the Big League team ran away as a boy.

He is supposed to be a little damp behind the ears and extremely shrunken between them.

Volumes have been written about his braggadocio, his shyness, his illiterateness, his studiousness, his capacity as an eater, his tendency to treat the little clothes-nets in Pullman berths as if they were hammocks. According to sports writers, he has been known to protest, "I can't eat again," when a Pullman porter has announced, "Third call foh dinnah." He has also been known to sit up all night in a hotel room trying to extinguish the electric bed-lamp by blowing at it.

There seem to be all sorts of rookies. Some are "likely lads," some are "phenoms," some "morning glories," some "kids who are bound to be heard from one of these fine days," some just plain "men of destiny."

Before we go any farther it should be admitted that it is not easy to isolate and definitely label the type. It is not easy to pick out a ball-player and say, "This—this, gentlemen"—or, if there are ladies present,—"this, ladies and gentlemen, is a rookie." No, we must be more scientific than that. We must forget the legends of the sports writers. In short, we must observe the subject in his adaptation to climate. If a ballplayer comes off the field looking annoyed when the game has been called on account of rain, then and *only* then can we say that he is a rookie.

Tup.

### Visual Sample

**SALESGIRL:** And what kind of step-ins would you like to buy, sir?

**CUSTOMER:** Like those the girl sitting there is wearing.

### How Mrs. Revere Might Have Altered American History

**"J**UST a minute, *Mister Revere!*"  
"My dear, I've got to..."

"Don't try to bamboozle me with honeyed words! You're not going to budge out of this house to-night!"

"But, my dear, I've just got word that..."

"I suppose you've an important conference downtown!"

"No, it isn't..."

"Or some friend is deathly ill!"

"No, my dear, I..."

"Paul Revere! Are you having an affair with some woman?"

"Why, darling! Of course not! But, really, my dear, I must go out for a while. The British are coming!"

"That's a new one!"

"Honestly, my dear, I've just received word..."

"Who from?"

"Some friends just waved a lantern, and that's a signal..."

"Piffle!"

"I've got to ride all over the country..."

"Fiddlesticks! Do you think I'm going to believe anything like that?"

"My dear, I..."

"Take off your coat and hat! I said NO and I mean NO!"

Chet Johnson.

**"I**N China a debtor has the door taken off his house."

"Migolly! He can't even say he's in conference."



"You know, Bill, little did I think, when I learned to write, that it would come in handy some day."

## Alcohol

'TIS a mystery who sells it  
To the erring race of man;  
 $C_2H_5OH$  spells it  
For the chemist and his clan.

Indispensable at sessions  
Where the cares of life are  
drowned,  
It annihilates repressions  
And it makes the world go round.

When its Christian name is Ethyl  
It is good for pains and aches;  
When its heathen name is Methyl  
It is worse'n rattlesnakes.

When its given name is Amyl  
It will leave you badly dazed,  
And it keeps your Uncle Sam ill  
With the fuss that it has raised.

Since they've said you mustn't eat it  
(By an overwhelming vote),  
How incessantly you meet it,  
How they pour it down your  
throat!

For your host has found a sherry,  
Or a Bourbon, or a rye,  
Or he'll mix a Tom-and-Jerry  
That you really ought to try.

When you're lowballed and you're  
highballed  
And you're cocktailed and you're  
wined  
Till you know you're crimson-eye-  
balled  
And you fear you're going blind,

In a comatose condition  
Of those happy days you think  
That preceded Prohibition  
When one did not have to drink!  
*Arthur Guiterman.*

## Just an Idea

**B**BUSINESS MAN: Yes, I've  
thought of a way to save several  
hours a day in my business.

FRIEND: Why don't you put it  
into effect, then?

BUSINESS MAN: I'm too busy.

## Inspired

**R**ITZ: When you received the  
contract as assistant director  
for the Mammoth Film Corporation,  
you said something appropriate, I  
assume?

BLITZ: Yes.



"You've been here over an hour without doing a thing to stop that leak. The place  
is flooded!"

"Well, madam, to tell ye de truth, I'm sore on de tenant downstairs!"

What a Movie Hero and Heroine Say During a Passionate  
Love Scene

"MY gosh, Roberto, don't you  
ever shave? You've got a chin  
like an airedale!"

"Oh, I overslept—the missus and  
I were out late playing dominoes at  
Fickpair last night... Come on,  
Dolores, how about a little pep?  
Have I got to do all the work in  
this clinch party? Snap into it!"

"Oh, go feed a duck!... Here,  
you don't have to push your whole  
makeup down my neck! You've got  
on enough grease to launch a ship."

"Well, bawl out the Director, not  
me... Say, look, the wife wanted  
me to ask you about that real-estate  
development on Rosewater Avenue.  
Is it a buy out there?"

"Listen, Roberto, Rosewater Avenue  
will go big about the time San  
Francisco asks to be annexed to  
Bangor, Maine! Honest, I never  
took a worse trimming... He says  
to kneel down—you deaf or some-  
thing?"

"Oh, all right, all right, I sup-  
pose you can live till I get there,  
can't you?... Well, what's the matter

with this Rosewater dump, Dolores?  
... Don't get so blamed close, I'm  
sunburned."

"What's the matter with it? It's  
got no streets or anything and it's  
farther from anywhere than Noah  
ever got with the Ark... There you  
go trying to hypodermic me with that  
beard—"

"I guess you'll live through it...  
Look, Dolores, going to the dance at  
Sid's to-night?"

"No, my eldest boy is coming  
home from Yale and I want to meet  
him at the train... You're as  
absent-minded as Will Hays this  
morning—they've been yelling at  
you for ten minutes to give me a  
good long kiss."

"All right, here goes, but darned  
if I—mumble-mumble-mumble—"

"Mumble-mumble-mumble — for  
Heaven's sake, what are you trying  
to do, push my teeth in?"

*Heman Fay, Jr.*

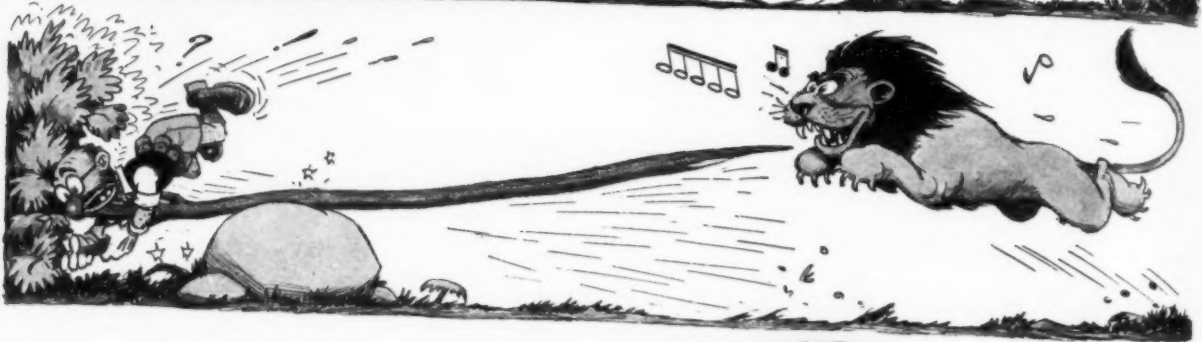
**W**HO puts the "ate" in a com-  
panionate marriage?



My last shot gone!  
Nothing but a  
miracle can  
save me  
now!!



Ha! a tree!  
salvation!!



Now I lay  
me



Hi!! By Jove!! What a perfectly  
snoring idea, old top!!  
Quite extraordinary!  
y'know! Clevah, to  
say th' least!!

### The Englishman's Joke

He Passed Completely Over the Point and the Lion Didn't See It Until Too Late, But He Finally Got It

## The Way of All Flesh

OVER a long period of years we had suffered the customary discomfort involved in the comings and goings of cooks. We did our best, but we couldn't keep them. The only thing we got out of it was watching them pass in review. We tried making them members of the family, but even then they left, probably taking exception to our family tree. Just about the time we had accustomed ourselves to the whims of some particularly excellent specimen of the tribe, I would come home to find that my wife had been forced once more to resurrect the can opener. The cook was gone!

Is it any wonder, then, when the mechanical servant was perfected and placed on the market, that we jumped at the chance of obtaining one? Ah! What a relief it was to know that at last we could be assured of continuous service, with no more balking, no more intermissions; that finally we had a jewel of a cook who knew her, or its, place and could be kept in it. No more catering to their nonsense, no more groveling, no more stray hairs—just a completely perfect service, rendered unobtrusively and continuously.

Our worries were at an end.

We just gave ourselves up to a whole-hearted enjoyment of our splendid acquisition. We reveled in our absolute and entire control of the situation through the mere throwing of a switch. My wife threw the can opener away for all time.

And then, one evening, as I



THE LADIES AT THEIR WURST



MOTION PICTURE STAR: No, I positively will *not* sit on the rail and cross my knees for any ship news photographer!!!

entered the door, happily expectant of the excellent dinner awaiting me, I became at once conscious of the fact that all was not right. The sound of muffled sobbing from the section of our home devoted to culinary interests was my first warning. I could hardly believe my ears. I couldn't think it of our mechanical genius—that she had broken down and was crying.

Alarmed, I hastened thither at once.

It was my wife who wept. Her shoulders shook with the stress of her sobbing and the effort required to manipulate the brand-new can opener in her hand.

"What is wrong?" I queried, aghast at what I saw. "The cook—where is it?"

Sadly she turned and faced me. Her lips trembled in the faintness of her reply.

"The cook — has gone," she informed me mournfully.

I clutched for support and, finding none, fell to the floor.

"Gone!" I exclaimed in a loud whisper. "But I thought—why, damn it, that's impos-

sible! The cook we had was made to go—it can't be gone!"

"I tell you the cook has left," she replied through her tears, as she turned to resume her struggle with the can opener. "She has gone—gone! The instalment man took her an hour ago."

Marion E. Burns.

## Refutation of Herrick

A SWEET disorder in the dress  
Gives an effect of sloppiness:  
A maid who lets her shoestring  
dangle  
Is one whom I would gladly  
strangle:

A girl whose hair is growing out  
Is one whom I can do without:  
A lass with ribbons left untied  
Incites my heart to homicide:  
For sluts I do not care a tuppenny  
Who will not pull their stockings up  
any:

A maid with petticoat on view  
Will hear: "To hell, my love, with  
you!"

Though girls like this are dear to  
Herrick,

I wouldn't touch one with a derrick.  
N. R. J.

A NEW moving picture contraption photographs the human brain in action, but a daguerreotype would do the work in many cases.



"I panicked them that time."

"It wasn't you, dearie; maybe the place is on fire."

### *Mrs. Pep's Diary*

**April 4th** My husband, poor wretch, awake most of the night a-reading in "The Skull of Swift," no gruesome mystery, neither, but a disquisition on the great Jonathan's character by Shane Leslie, and I do pray God that Sam's own wits be sharpened thereby, for three days are now gone in which he has forgotten to stop for my lorgnette chain which he did leave to be repaired, and I have been going about with my lenses hanging from a black ribbon which would be Whistler's damned thing on the mantelpiece to any lady's costume. All the morning gone over a questionnaire on the subject of choosing a husband, the kind of thing on which I do waste a deal of valuable time, but it does give me pleasure to reach a final classification from my answers to such queries as "Can you be happy if ignored?" and "Do you like to have somebody with you when choosing a hat?" To luncheon at Eloise Brown's, of spare ribs, stewed celery salad and frozen apricots, very fine, and E. showed us the old table underneath the baize of which the cabinet maker had discovered French papers dated 1791 after he had sold it to her for a reasonable price, and then to the

bridge table, but Lord! E. and I unfortunately let out that there was a soothsayer helping in the kitchen, whereupon Roberta Watt and Mabel Loomis must have their futures forecast straightway, so that we did not begin to play until well-nigh four o'clock. I should set down in simple justice that the only reason I did not have the woman read for me was that she had done so but three days since after the Whites' dinner. Lisa Marriman in at tea time, full of the woes of her family, by which she has indeed been sorely tried of late, and she did say that the filling of her cup did but require her nephew's elopement with a Jewish chorus girl. Dinner alone with Sam and then to see "A Connecticut Yankee," which contained the drollest line, in context, that I have heard this year, "Never lead away from a King."

**April 5th** Lay late, pondering this and that, such as whether or not the rattling of newspapers will really frighten a burglar and how great  
(Continued on page 32)

### Glossary of Golf Terms

**GOLF WIDOW:** A woman whose husband has succumbed to the deadly bite of the golf bug and gone in for

**Golf:** A health-building game for which virile men get up at 4 A. M. and render themselves unfit for a day at the office by too much application to the

**Putter:** Variant of "putter," to trifle or idle away the time after the manner of a confirmed golfer or a

**Caddy:** A youth incapable of finding a golf ball until its owner has left the vicinity of the

**Golf Links:** The links which chain the slaves of the

**Golf Habit:** The peculiar dress worn by golf addicts, knee trousers being used to indicate the tendency toward returning childishness; sometimes affected by the

**Starter:** An embryo politician accustoming himself to the reception of bribes, especially at the

**Nineteenth Hole:** The hole where you never miss a putt, particularly if it's coming from some other party's

**Locker:** A repository for beverages much stronger than

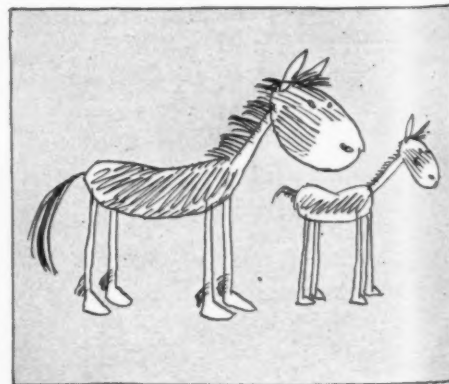
**Tee:** The thing you always knock out from under the ball if somebody stops to watch your stroke.

*Asia Kagowan.*

### The Wrong Sector

"WHAT caused you to fail when you tried to break the flagpole-sitting record?"

"I was a fool. I made the attempt in Chicago and the flagpole was shot from under me in less than an hour."



SORREL AND SON





AT LAST!

## The Secretary of State

THE fidgety Foreign Minister of the United States has just been denouncing a new series of rumors that he is to resign. Nothing irritates Frank B. Kellogg more than an intimation that he is ready to quit. The fact is that Mr. Kellogg will never relinquish his premier place in the Cabinet voluntarily, for he loves his job in the Department of State, and has no intention, if his health, strength and political fortune hold out, of retiring into private life.

The case of Mr. Kellogg shows that miracles sometimes happen in politics. In 1922 a horrid dentist person named Shipstead filched Mr. Kellogg's seat in the United States Senate. On March 4th, 1923, Mr. Kellogg occupied the humiliating status of a "lame duck." At sixty-seven years of age, this distinguished attorney found his dignity in shreds. The Administration, desiring to evidence its sympathy with his plight, made him a delegate to the Fifth Pan-American Conference and shipped him off to Chile.

THEN came Christmas, 1923. George Harvey had arrived in this country from London, having found the renting of potted palms at

\$650 a night too great a strain upon his private purse. The American Embassy in London was without an Ambassador. Calvin Coolidge, for some reason that remains a mystery to this day, appointed Frank B. Kellogg to this magnificent post.

Mr. Kellogg's former colleagues in the United States Senate, who had known him as "Nervous Nellie," were shocked into silence. Mr. Kellogg departed for London, rented Crewe House, lunched with King George and Queen Mary, was photographed with H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, made a number of dull speeches and was thereupon forgotten.

FORTUNE, in the person of Calvin Coolidge, continued to smile on this jumpy little person from Minnesota, for when Charles Evans Hughes retired from the Department of State at the beginning of 1925, Frank B. Kellogg got the job. He returned to Washington in triumph. Senators who had patronized him two years earlier were now found waiting in his anteroom. He acquired a royal blue limousine with a great official seal on the doors. He gave audiences to newspaper correspondents, sat on the

right hand of the President at Cabinet meetings, and made his former law partner at St. Paul, Robert E. Olds, an Assistant Secretary of State—a place that was eventually to land him in the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company.

FOR a man of seventy-one years of age, whose disfavor with Republican voters in Minnesota had cost him his seat in the Senate, this is no mean record of achievement. When it comes to his record as Secretary of State, Mr. Kellogg's performance is perhaps less admirable.

He had not the slightest appreciation of the importance of American public opinion. Mr. Hughes, in dealing with our American newspapers, placed his cards on the table, or at least explained the necessity of withholding part of his hand. Mr. Kellogg dropped his cards, fumbled them, stepped on them, and didn't even have an ace up his sleeve.

He and his partner Olds, who treated Mexico with audacious impudence, finally demonstrated their complete futility, and the President, without consulting this precious pair, took the issue into his own hands and sent his friend Dwight Morrow to conciliate our neighboring Republic.

The Nicaraguan adventure of Mr. Kellogg was so bungled at the start that even the eloquent logic of Charles Evans Hughes has not dissipated the first unfortunate, and totally unnecessary, impression.

The catalogue of his ineptitude does not require extension.

IT is no wonder that rumors of Mr. Kellogg's resignation have been frequent in Washington for the past year or two. But Mr. Kellogg is impervious to criticism and deaf to suggestion. He will hang on to the end of Mr. Coolidge's Administration, always with the hope that the President's successor, if he prove a Republican, will not ask for his demission. The great Victorian pile of stone that is physically the Department of State has a permanent occupant in Mr. Kellogg, whose portrait will one day embellish the chamber on the walls of which hang delineations of Thomas Jefferson, John Hay and William J. Bryan.

It takes all kinds of Secretaries to make a gallery.

Henry Suydam.



"ONE! BEHIND A PILLAR."

### Little Suggestions That Make Summer Outings Worth While

"NEVER mind backing up to the sign, Bill. This is the road, all right."... "Go ahead, Ma. Poison ivy doesn't look like that."... "Aw, put the keg right in the front. Nobody will stop us."... "Sock him one on the nose, Charley! No bear can get funny with us!"... "Change places with me, buddy.

I'm tired of pulling these oars."... "Yeah! Sure they're mushrooms."... "We don't need a guide; I've got a marvelous sense of direction."... "Give the log a kick; it's probably nothing but a stray cat."... "Don't be afraid to dive; it's at least ten feet down to those rocks."... "Just carry your red sweater under

your arm, Joe, and he won't even notice it."... "Let's all have a cigarette; if that guy's a forest ranger I'm Tunney."... "Blow smoke at 'em, fella, and they won't sting you."... "Let's not wait; we won't need a spare."... "Don't be a sap, Bill! He wants you to pet him, that's all!"

C. J.

## Along the Main Stem

DEAR PAL WILLARD:

Both your letters came yesterday and while I was glad to hear that you have reconciled with your pater (ritz for "old man"), you didn't mention whether or not he resumed your allowance. Now, Willard, that was very unethical of you. I need that \$32 which you promised to remit and I trust you recall your promise to kick it in. It was over at Texas Guinan's place, and just as the check came you became incoherent and I agreed to pay Texas when I could dig up the dough.

It is all quite embarrassing. Every time I ankle into her dive, Texas, who is very unfunny about such things, reminds me that she provided the use of her hall; allowed us to throw clackers at her chorines and otherwise make whoopee, but that She Simply Must Live! So you can imagine. Nobody has ever been able to talk Texas out of anything, because she knows all the answers—and my author is sick, anyway. So please remit, old pal, with some of those pieces of paper with the nice pictures of Washington or Jefferson on them. I want to keep our good name up at La Guinan, whose real name, incidentally, is Mamie Ginnan. And besides, I hate to hear her squawking for the money. She claims she needs it. Maybe she does. I hear she is going blind from the incessant glare of all those diamond bracelets on her good arm.

THE canyon is getting lifeless, what with most of the gay places shutting down for the warm spell. The Frivolity Club, however, is packing them in with a new all-blond floor revue, which comes under the heading of daring stuff. They call the show "Good Nudes" and it is plenty nice, believe you me. They have a lot of swell ideas, but they don't wear any clothes. Chez Florence continues, but Miss Florence has gone back to her dear old Paree, being due back on Broadway in Sept. Bernie Cummings has a dandy band over at the Biltmore Hotel, and the Castillian Gardens and the Pavilion Royal on the Merrick Road are the champ fun places when the weather is stifling.

The Pelham Heath Inn in the Bronx is getting quite a rep for its



THE ENGINEER: It begins to look like you were right, Bill; that last light musta been red!

waffles at breakfast time, catering to that army of stay-up-lates who come up for air after a night of it downtown, and on Sundays you must frequent the Long Beach sands in front of the Castle Baths, where anybody who is somebody collects. Here it is that you are not allowed to roast any one until a half-hour after he's gone.

I GOT a load of some Underworld slang last night from a gunman. A "roscoe," frixample, is a revolver, a "shiv" is a knife, a lad who is "on the muscle" is a fellow who gets rough if you don't turn over your money, a "hyster" is a female shop-lifter, "pineapples" or "grapefruits" are bombs, and a "paper-hanger" is a stock swindler. That lingo certainly fascinates me. The ace of the current gags, by the way, is: "America had better prepare for war, as we're liable to be attacked by Chicago any day."

I've also just discovered that Lon Chaney once was a handy man for the America Theatre at Colorado Springs, and that his father was the rarest of human blessings—a deaf-mute barber. I met June Collyer when she was here, very cute phrail, but she goes home early. Lucila Mendez was glad to meet me, ahem, also. She told me the one about the

poor Tiller Girl who couldn't get a job any more as she had her face lifted and couldn't point her toe. Haw!

I MUST not forget to remind you to beg, borrow or plunder Victor Record No. 21214 of Paul Whiteman and his crew doing "Lonely Melody," which is torrid stuff, and the most contagious of the newer ditties is tagged "Dream Boat." I must leave you now because my "heart" is waiting for me in front of the Times Building at 42nd Street. She's beautiful, Willard, but numb—the type who is so ah-ah that when we go to the movies she wants to look at the pictures!

Well, Ford out of five will have one,

Gincerely yours,  
Walter Winchell.

## Broken

JIM: That's a wild, wild girl you have, Joe.

JOE: Well, she was wild. But I've got her so tame now she'll eat right out of my purse.

A WRITER says: "As long as there are two women and a man on earth there will be war." Why the man?





"GENTLEMEN" OF THE PRESS

### The Master of Ceremonies Obliges at a Fight

"GREETINGS and double-crosses, friends. I certainly am glad to see you all here to-night. I'll bet the chief of police is happy, too. Thank you. And they try to tell us that crime never pays. Some of you may have come in by the pass-gate, at that. Thank you. Anyhow, you're here and among friends.

"You know, I wouldn't referee this bout for anybody but my old friend Tex. I was supposed to open in Australia this week but Tex said there had to be one bad actor in the ring. Tex is a terrible kiddier. I said, 'Tex, I'll do it, not for the \$25,000, but for old times' sake.' So Tex let me take \$50 and here I am. Thank you. That's better.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the main event, the main event, we'll have to let that one go by, is an elimination match between 'Shorty' Putt and 'Bull' Ox. The winner will appear soon in an attempt to eliminate what you have left. Thank you.

"In this corner, 'Shorty' Putt. Take a bow, 'Shorty.' You know why they call him 'Shorty'? Nobody ever misses him. Thank you, mister. You ran that one down nicely. A lot has happened since 'Shorty' began fighting. The map has changed something terrible. The rights of small nations have done their work. Nobody home. I guess they all went to the fight... Anyhow, it's an awful map. Thank you.

"In this corner, Mr. Ox. It doesn't make any difference whose ox he is. There ain't going to be no gore. Thank you. Movie type, wouldn't you say? Well, anyhow, for a jungle scene? Thank you. Great personality. Slow to anger, modest in victory and tremendous in de feet. Tremendous in de feet. Thank you! Thank you very much indeed!

"Now, folks, before we begin this little travesty, I want to caution the boys about the rules.

"No petting in the clinches. Stop when you see the red lights. And remember, a sock on the jaw is worth two on the hoof. Let 'er go! Thank you!"

B. F. Sylvester.

### Famous ITS

BEAT IT  
Cheese IT  
Damn IT  
IT'S a boy  
IT won't be long now  
Greta Garbo

NO wonder Mr. Hearst has made a great success in the magazine business. He knows good fiction when he sees it.

### Food for Thought

THERE he sat taking bites out of books with a zest  
That reduced precious volumes to ribbons.

He consumed half a Shakespeare,  
some verses by Guest  
And he nibbled at two or three Gibbons.

With amazement I asked why he'd chosen such eats.

In reply said the unabashed feeder  
As he hungrily gnawed on a volume of Keats,

"I'm the famous omnivorous reader!"

A. L. L.

### The Owner of the Road

THE Wild Man from Borneo is in the circus."

"So I understand."

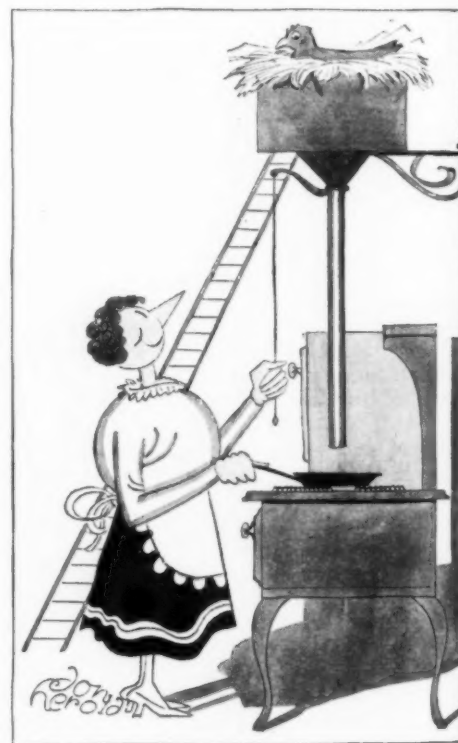
"And all the daredevil stunt men in the country are in the movies."

"That's so."

"The boys who do seven different things at once are in vaudeville."

"True enough, but tell me—what are you driving at?"

"I'm trying to identify the driver of that car ahead."



STRICTLY FRESH

## The Shell Game

THE shell game is in full swing again. Not the shell game that includes a vanishing green pea as part of the equipment, but the college rowing sport that calls for eight men and a half in a cedar contraption about sixty-three feet long and not nearly wide enough. The half-portion *homo* is, of course, the coxswain.

A coxswain, according to the testimony of each and every athlete who has ever pulled a sweep, is an undersized devil with an oversized voice. He wears a megaphone strapped over his head so that his insults will carry up to the bow of the boat without spilling. He browbeats great, husky chaps in a delightfully ribald and malicious manner and were it not that he is under the protection of the game laws, the supply of coxswains would be suddenly and completely exhausted.

ALL through the season the sweep-swingers while away their leisure moments in planning horrible deaths for the coxswains after the New London and Poughkeepsie regattas. There is talk of filling them full of quadratic equations and dropping them from tall buildings. It has been urged that, with the aid of a steamroller, a coxswain can be made into a capital animal rug in no time at all. And yet when the final race



"Well, Dorothy, are you through crying yet?"  
"No, I'm just getting my breath."

is rowed and won, what happens? Those big, lubberly, misguided oarsmen crowd around the coxswain and shout: "Hooray, Shorty! Good old runt! Nice work — boy, you're there!" And they haven't killed one yet.

AS for college oarsmen in general, they are the unknown soldiers of the sports world. They row and row and row, and so far as personal fame is concerned, they never get anywhere. They are like the fabled colored gentleman who started at dusk to row from Mississippi to Canada. He rowed all night but, unfortunately, he forgot to untie the boat. In the cold gray dawn he heard a voice from the bank calling: "Hello, Sam!" Which caused Sam to cry out in astonishment: "Who knows me in Canada?"

Harvard won a great race against Yale at New London last year. Thousands of people

saw it and cheered the victors wildly. How many volunteers will step up and give the cast of characters in the Harvard boat, reading from left to right? The Columbia crew roused half the countryside to enthusiasm by its victory at Poughkeepsie last June. Will some well-informed gentlemen (Columbia students and relatives of the oarsmen barred) name any two of the eight (and a half) men in the winning boat?

HERE'S a fine opportunity for bank robbers or other fugitives from justice. If one of them really wished to drop out of sight, all he would have to do would be to enroll at some college and go out for the crew. No one would ever hear of him again. Unless, of course, he happened to collapse in the last quarter-mile, thereby losing the race.

John Kieran.

ABE: What made Lon Chaney so mad?

DAVE: The director said, "Aw, come on, Lon; be yourself!"



"Where are you going with that big suitcase?"  
"That's not a suitcase. That's an overnight bag and I am going to the arctic regions."



APRIL 26, 1928

VOL. 91. 2373

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

**C**HAUNCEY DEPEW was remarkably adapted to be happy already in this life. He had a good body, a sufficiently good mind and excellent sense. He did a lot of work and was happy in it; happy, too, in that his aspirations never seemed to exceed his abilities.

His notion of recreation was some other kind of work than what he did in hours of business. One recalls his strong recommendation of after-dinner speaking to Mr. Joseph Choate as a recreation which involved little effort and was a good exercise. He did it very well. Though seldom a voice crying in the wilderness, he was able to put even into after-dinner speeches something worth hearing, which was, of course, an extravagance only to be indulged in by a mind that could afford profusion.

Physically he must have been very sound. One recalls his old-time habit of an annual voyage to Europe and how he began it with a long sleep. After he had slept a day or two, fatigues of departure and pre-departure were made up for and he could start afresh. Plainly enough he had immense recuperative faculties, as men must have who live at high pressure most of the year.

Now and then he got a jolt. The great insurance investigation was the worst, and that seemed for a time to affect his health as well as his spirits, but he pulled through it and finally came out without damage to his reputation because it was the habits of business of the time that were shown up rather than the misdeeds of individuals.

We are all liable to have a line of virtue that we habitually practice suddenly indicted by a new generation because the standards of deport-

ment have risen or at least changed. In old times and wars impaling was practiced and other like details of homicide which doubtless accorded with the sense of propriety of those who practiced them, but for a long time now such incidents of warfare have been felt to be beyond the toleration of nice people. Of course a lot of the incidents of even this present civilization, which so many of us think so well of, are likely to go by the board in their turn and be regarded as reprobate by a posterity whose practices we would think nothing of.

Mr. Depew was lucky in keeping step with his generations in their estimates of virtue without ever getting uncomfortably far in the lead. He was never too good for human nature's daily food. Probably his great gift was the understanding of life as lived in his time. He was the President of a great railroad, but railroad men do not credit him with great exploits as a railroad man. His talents were rather those of a politician and in the years of his greatest activity they came in very handy in railroading.

It is considerably an exploit to live to be ninety-three, without being forgotten. Mr. Depew was never forgotten. He was a habit of New York life like the Public Library and the City Hall. Peace to his ashes! The imperishable part of him has doubtless gone on to activities which he will enjoy as heretofore.



**T**HE great news at this writing is the overthrow of the one hundred per cent Americans in Chicago and the triumph of the adherents of King George. Some of the papers hereabouts said that such an upset could

not happen except by a miracle, but it has happened and a thankful sigh has gone up all over the land, for really the hundred percenters have been getting too rough and Chicago much too disorderly. The election was a fight in the Republican primaries to settle who should run for Governor of Illinois, who for State's Attorney, and who for United States Senator. The Thompson candidates were badly beaten in all three cases and though Big Bill continues to be Mayor, the handwriting has been put on the wall for him and the interpretation is not difficult.

The political habits of great cities offer an extraordinary subject for study. Readers of Mr. Werner's new history of Tammany Hall will find that first or last pretty much everything that can happen to a great city has happened to New York. In no other city have conditions been exactly as they have been in Chicago for the last few years. No other city has had quite the same mixture of populations, big floods of money and the competition of Prohibition all at once, but cities are governed by men who can do the job and they usually collect their charges. If they do not do so systematically, the order which they provide does not last. Neither benevolence nor patriotism is enough to provide management for cities. It is a job of big business and there has to be a profit in it if it is to last.

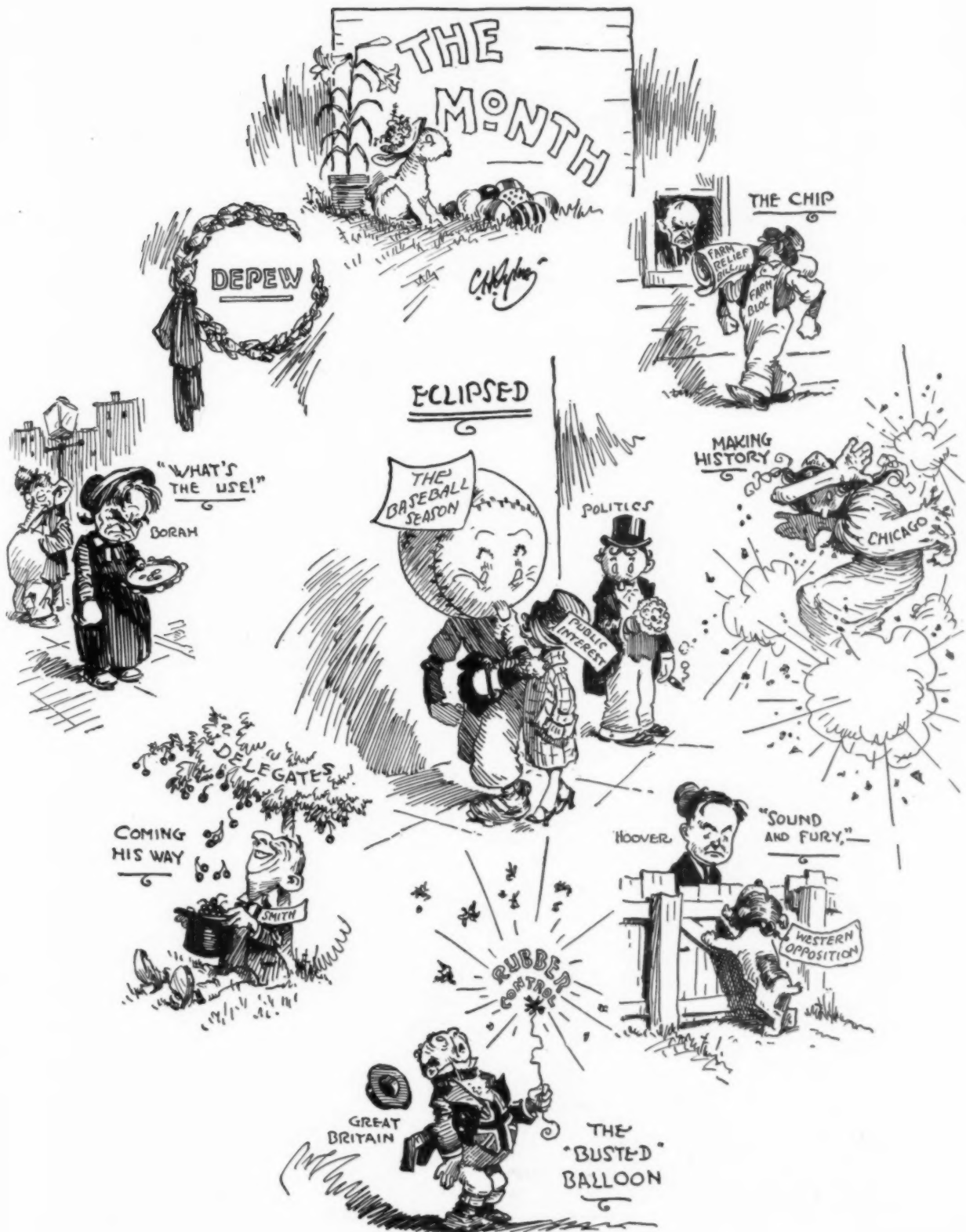


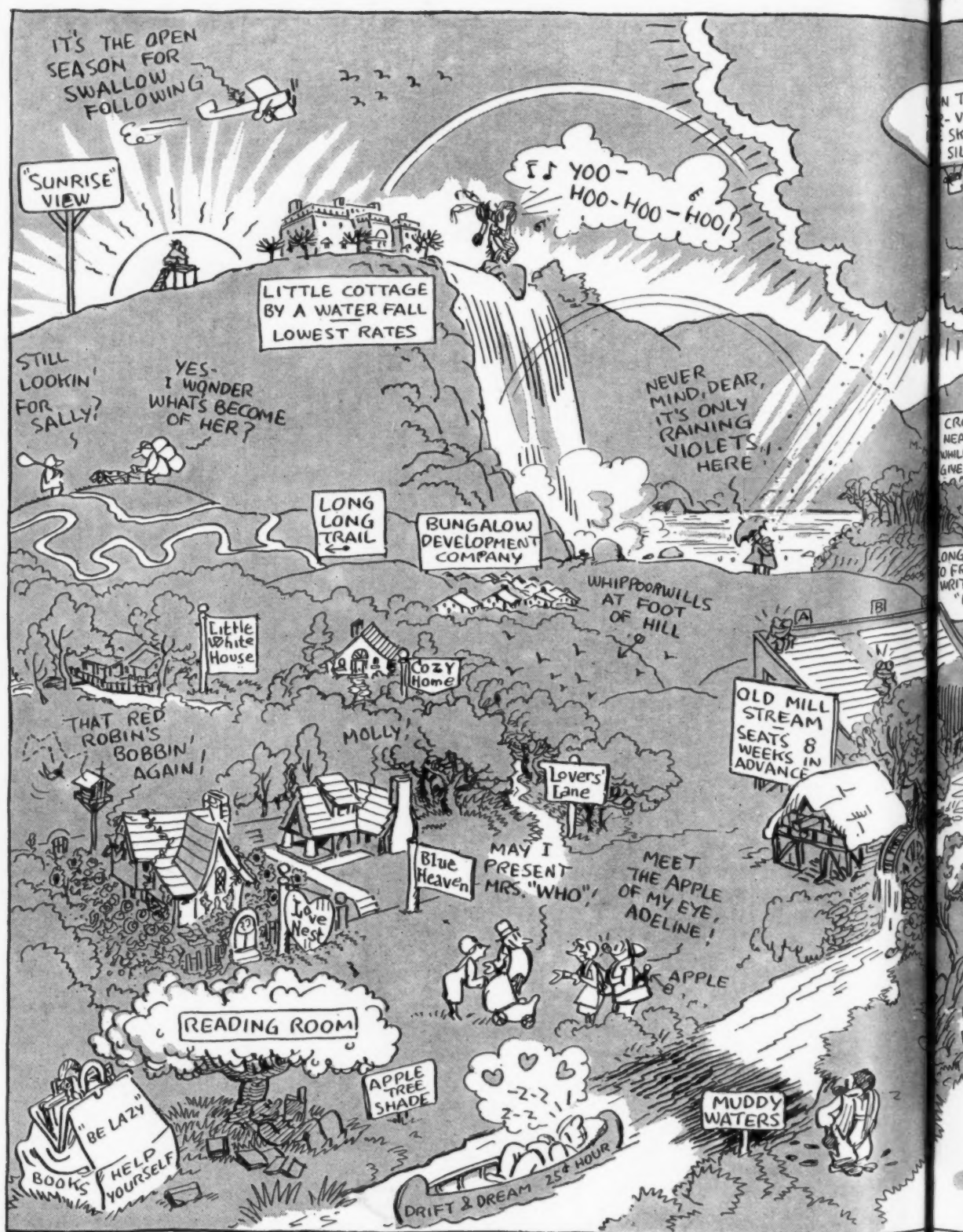
**J**UDGE DANIEL COHALAN, who is an incorrigible optimist about some things, is quoted as assuring the Clan na Gael that we are pinching Great Britain painfully in trade and that in his opinion, "trouble of a more militant nature is inescapable."

One would not grudge the Judge any happiness he can get from thinking so, but it is curious that he should see any improvement to British trade to result from ructions with the United States. One notices that the Hearst papers still advocate: 1. An agreement of the English-speaking peoples to preserve peace among themselves and to promote the peace of the world.

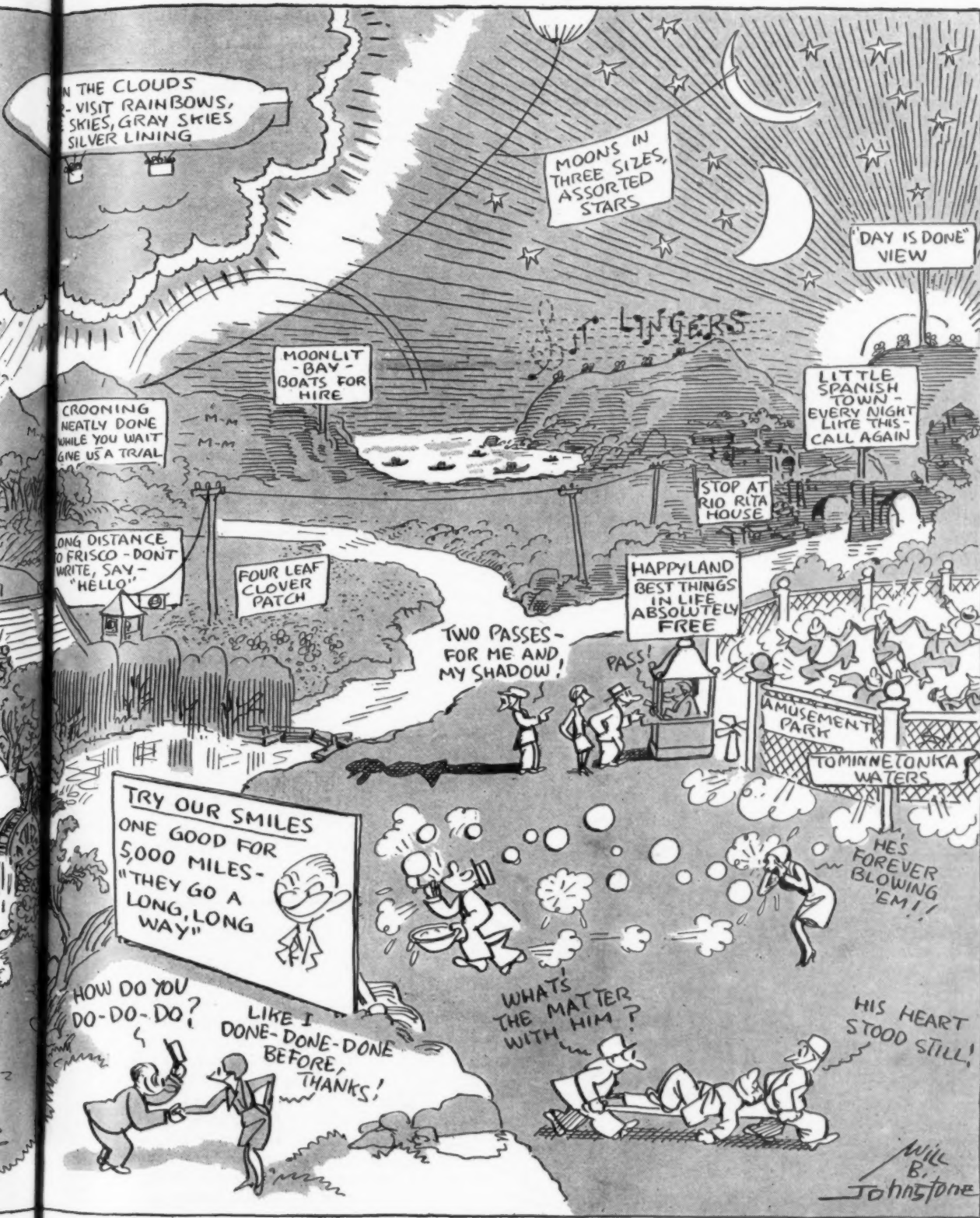
E. S. Martin.







Dream's-Eye View of P



View of Popular Songland



## The Book of Dumbness

**ARGUMENT**, *n.* A verbal conflict of an unlimited number of rounds, always decided in favor of the most vociferous contestant.

**Augur**, *n.* A prophet, or other instrument for boring.

**Booster**, *n.* One who boosts, elevates or raises anything, especially prices, by the liberal use of hot air.

**Boaster**, *n.* See booster.

**Editor**, *n.* A person who sends rejection slips.

**Favor**, *n.* Something bestowed for the purpose of placing the recipient under an obligation.

**Feminine**, *adj.* Contrary, argumentative, incompatible.

**Friendless**, *adj.* Happily married.

**Future**, *n.* An estate which we take great pleasure in contemplating until we begin to think of our past.

**Immigrant**, *n.* A disillusioned emigrant.

**Incompatible**, *adj.* Married.

**Ink**, *n.* A fluid used by modern biographers for blackening the reputations of the great.

**Jazz Orchestra**, *n.* A group of performers playing unmusical instruments.

**Mercy**, *n.* In judicial parlance, a commodity dealt out to rich malefactors and beautiful femalefactors.

**Modesty**, *n.* Obsolete.

**Park Bench**, *n.* A resting place for poets and other bums.

**Success**, *n.* An intangible something that lies always just ahead of us.

**U. S. A.** A country having four-year periods of government, during some of which it has an elephant on its hands, and during the others is ruled by a jackass.

A. K.

## Splendor

"PULL out your chest, young fellow! Draw back them shoulders! Now inhale deeply! That's the stuff! Don't it feel great, though! Try it again! Breathe in deeper!—deeper! Hold it! Atta boy! I knew it was in you! Your chest won't be flat very long now! You'll see how quick your color'll come back, too! And don't be surprised if there's an increase in your appetite! Yes, I mean it! Don't you feel a whole lot better already? I knew it! You ought to have been wearing suspenders long before this! Now if you don't like this pair I can show you another in a richer shade of mauve with green stripes that promises to be the rage as soon as we start featuring them..."

Harry Epstein.



THE ORIGINAL STAGE-DOOR JOHNNY

## Historic Conversations

"BROTHER TRADE," said Brother Mark,

"Take S. B. Cough Drops for that bark."

"Brother Mark," coughed Brother Trade,

"Of course! They are the finest made!"

\* \* \*

"Hart and Schaffner," said Mr. Marx,

"They wear our clothing in clubs and parks."

"Schaffner and Marx," said Mr. Hart,

"Them garments surely do look smart."

"Hart and Marx," said Mr. Schaffner,

"We'd fit a coat on the Dragon Fafnir!"

\* \* \*

"Partner Procter," said Partner Gamble,

"To buy our soap the public scramble!"

"Yes, Gamble," chuckled Partner Procter;

"It's recommended by my doctor."

\* \* \*

Said Mr. Lehn to Mr. Fink,  
"Our tooth paste saves the teeth, I think."

Said Mr. Fink to Mr. Lehn,  
"It leaves them white without a stain."

"Sure, Lehn & Fink," said Inc.

A. G.

## NOTICE

**MR. BENCHLEY'S**  
Drama reviews were somewhere on the high seas, held up by fog, when this issue went to press... There will be no Drama reviews in next week's issue, which is the Burlesque Number—but Mr. Benchley's Department will reappear in the May 10th issue and will continue regularly thereafter, weather permitting.

The Confidential Guide will be found on page 29.

## the SILENT DRAMA



## Divine Worship

**E**ASTER services at the Roxy Theatre in New York ("the Cathedral of the Motion Picture") started at 11:30 in the morning and lasted for upwards of four hours. There were organ recitals, sacred music by the symphony orchestra and the huge vocal chorus, tableaux, processions and appropriate interpretative ballets—the solemn program winding up with a feature picture entitled, "Why Sailors Go Wrong."

## "The Chaser"

**E**VERY critic who pans Harry Langdon's new picture, "The Chaser" (and every critic should pan it), will probably experience an acute sensation of personal guilt. For it is apparent even to the most discreetly clad eye that Harry Langdon has fallen from grace—and the blame for his tumble is largely attributable to the critics (myself, I am compelled to admit, included).

Mr. Langdon read what the reviewers said about him—that he was the only logical successor to Charlie Chaplin—and promptly developed a Young Pretender complex. He decided that if Charlie could write his own stories, and direct as well as act them, then so could he.

"The Chaser" is one result of this decision, and a sad, an ineffably sad, result it is. In it, Mr. Langdon appears as the browbeaten husband of a suspicious wife. A few years ago he played this same rôle in a comedy called (as I remember) "Saturday Afternoon." That comedy was supervised by Mack Sennett and it was extraordinarily good.

Mr. Langdon should return at once to the employ of Mr. Sennett. Furthermore, he should stop reading criticisms.

## "Skyscraper"

**W**HEN you consider the melodramatic possibilities that are involved in the construction of a skyscraper, you are inclined to wonder why the movies have not used them oftener. Perhaps the great minds of Hollywood came to the conclusion that Harold Lloyd covered the subject completely in "Safety Last"—but that seems hardly likely; the knowledge that a trick has been done before has never yet proved a deterrent to the movie makers.

"Skyscraper" makes effective use of the spectacular background provided by a network of steel girders, and is therefore just about the best melodrama now available. It is well directed by Howard Higgin,

and played for all it's worth by William Boyd, Sue Carol and others. Its story is an adroit combination of those essential elements—thrills, romance, comedy and sentiment, with a touch of grimness—which make for box-office success.

Young Mr. Boyd is developing rapidly into one of the soundest and most reliable actors on the screen. His performance in "Skyscraper" is genuinely impressive.

## "Ladies' Night"

**T**HE hero of "Ladies' Night," like the hero of "Skyscraper," is a riveter; that, however, is precisely where the resemblance between these pictures ends. For while "Skyscraper" is a thick, juicy slice of steak, "Ladies' Night" is a gooey banana-split, with plenty of maple-walnut syrup and whipped cream.

The great scene in the film version of "Ladies' Night," as in the original play, is the invasion of a Turkish Bath by a group of nervous men, who dress up in women's clothes to avoid detection. Added to this are many other "comedy" episodes that are equally boisterous, equally incoherent and equally cheap.

Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill are about as usual.

R. E. Sherwood.

## Recent Developments

**Red Hair.** Clara Bow as a gold-digging manicurist who isn't afraid to take off her clothes.

**The Big City.** Lon Chaney appears *au naturel*, but the picture isn't worthy of his efforts.

**The Trail of '98.** Good and bad melodrama of the old Klondike, produced on a grand scale.

**Tenderloin.** Dolores Costello gets all mixed up with cops, crooks and the Vitaphone.

**The Smart Set.** This time William Haines is a smart-aleck polo player.

**The Showdown.** A very stodgy drama of love and lust in the tropics, with George Bancroft.

**The Gaucho.** A regrettable incident in the brilliant career of Douglas Fairbanks.

**Simba.** Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson have again been down to the old African water-hole, with exciting results.

**Dressed to Kill.** Edmund Lowe and

Mary Astor in an exceptionally effective melodrama.

**The Secret Hour.** Pola Negri as a hash slinger who knew what she wanted.

**The Crowd.** Somewhat dull views of somewhat dull people, directed by King Vidor.

**Uncle Tom's Cabin.** When all of us now living are dead and buried, *Eliza* will still be racing those bloodhounds across the cracked ice.

**The Circus, Wings, Sunrise and The Last Command** are all excellent.



Next!!!

### Approach

**OFFICE BOY:** A Mr. Smith to see you, sir.

**Boss:** Find out which Smith it is. If it's Life-Insurance Smith, tell him I don't want any to-day. If it's Auto-Salesman Smith, tell him the next installment on my car isn't due for ten days. And if it's Bootlegger Smith, tell him I've still got two quarts of the last lot and it's rotten and I shall not order any more on any condition until it's gone. What does this Smith look like, anyway?

**Boy:** He's got on knickers.

**Boss:** Why didn't you say so in the first place? Show him in; that's Golf Smith.

(But it wasn't. It was Life-Insurance Smith, getting in at last.)

*Bill Sykes.*

### Money Back If Not Satisfied

**HE:** A penny for your thoughts, Sylvia.

**SHE:** Well, I was just wondering whether to wear my black velvet or my new cloth of silver to the Princeton Prom next week, and how many cut-ins I'll get, and what the name of that boy is who gave me such a rush last night at the Club, and whether I ought to let my hair grow out, and—

**HE:** Give me back that penny.

**THEN** there was the Scotchman who declined to attend a spiritualist séance for fear the messages might be collect.

### A Take-Out Bid

**THE** Girl smiled ever so slightly as she felt the Boy's arm creep over her shoulder.

"I'm glad I found you alone," he was saying; "I've—I've—oh, hang it, Marie—listen! You know how much I care for you. You know how much our happiness means to me. Will you—can you tell me—?"

"Yes?" Her voice was appealing, questioning.

"Look in my eyes," he continued; "I want you to tell me, to promise me that you'll—you'll divorce me."

"Oh, this is so sudden!"

She drew away, a frightened little smile on her lips.

"I must have my answer to-night!"

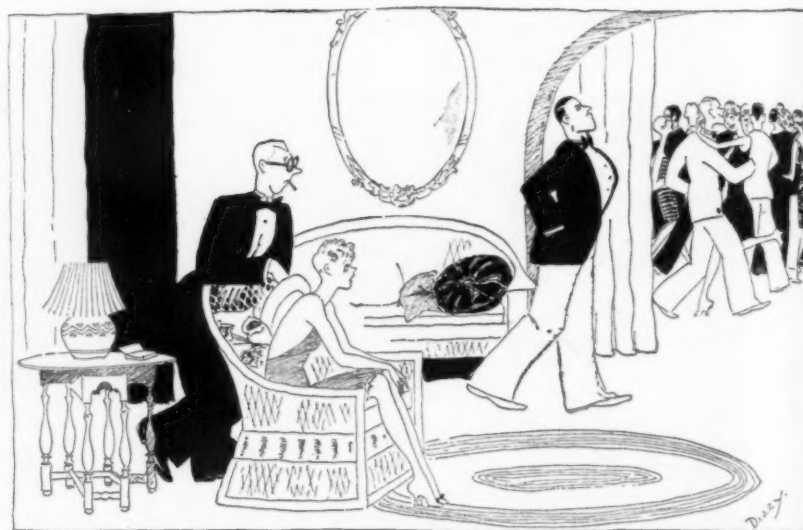
"But I must ask Mother."

"The devil with Mother! We'll make it an escapement. Your mother would insist on a big court affair with reporters and all. Let's see the Judge in the morning. Come on, Marie, be a sport."

"Oh, Tom, you're such a dear. I really can't refuse you."

"My darling! I knew you'd say 'yes.' And we'll be so happy."

*Malcolm T. Waldron.*



**SHE:** Gracious! Just look at that man's chest development.

**HE:** Chest development, nothing. He got that bulge from patting himself on the back.



## Choose Your Pacemaker

**LIBERTY'S** policy of publishing the reading time of every article in minutes and seconds is all right so far as it goes. But whose reading time is given? The editor's? That average American's out in the Middle West? Whose?

To simplify the matter, why not a sort of sliding scale? Thus:

## READING TIME:

**College Professor:** Twelve minutes, six seconds.

**Plumber:** Eighteen minutes, twenty-two seconds.

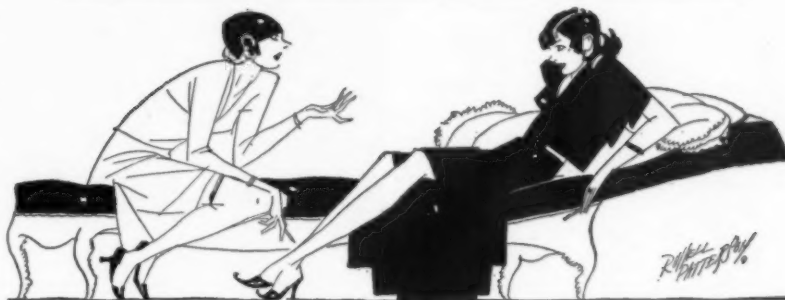
**Business Man:** (Tired) Sixteen minutes, thirty seconds; (Not tired) Fifteen minutes flat.

**Movie Actress:** Thirty-three minutes.

**U. S. Senator:** (General article) Eighteen minutes; (Article about himself) Eleven minutes, three seconds.

**Pugilist:** Nine days.

## JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I NEVER said ANY such a THING! I mean you know PERFECTLY WELL I simply NEVER GOSSIP and ANYways I've ALWAYS stuck UP for SHIMna because I SIMPLY adore her even if she ISn't POPular because I mean even if HEAPS of people don't get ON with her because she makes CATty reMARKS about them and all I don't see why that's

any reason I should feel any DIFferent toward her, my dear, because I mean it's so POSitively perVERTed the iDEA that I'd say ANYthing aGAINST her, my dear, esPEcially to anybody like DOLly who EV'rybody KNOWS simply REPEATS EV'rything she HEARS to ANYbody, my dear, because I mean she's the FOULest GOSSIP in TOWN, my dear, and the WORLD'S worst SCANDal mongrel and I mean she's ALWAYS trying to get ME in trouble because she SIMPLY aBOMinates me, my dear, because I mean she's ALWAYS had the riDIC'ulous iDEA that I LURED Tom DRIBble away from her because I mean he was enGAGED to her or something when he met ME but I NEVER said a WORD aGAINST her to Tom, my dear, because I mean the EASiest way was to just let him find OUT for himSELF what a HELL cat she was but GOSH, I SIMPLY can't underSTAND how you EVer imAGined I'd say anything to DOLly against SHIMna, my dear, because I mean you KNOW I think GOSSIP is SIMPLY SEPTic and I simply NEVER rePEAT any SCANDal or anything I ever HEAR, my dear, because I mean I think it just gets you into TROUBLE with people, my dear—I mean I ACTually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

## Easy

**STRONG MAN:** My act is breaking rocks on a woman's head.

**VAUDEVILLE MANAGER:** Yeh? Where's the woman?

**STRONG MAN:** You gotta furnish me a new one for each p'formance.

**A**N alarm clock is all right, if a person likes that sort of "ting!"



ABSENT-MINDED MR. ATKINS VISITS THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

## Dinner Music

### *Why We Are a Nation of Dyspeptics*

**D**O you remember those orchestras that used to play between the acts of performances of—say—the Merkle-Harder Stock Company? Did you ever wonder what became of them after they passed out of style, along with sidecombs and dust ruffles? Well, these musicians didn't die; they only hibernated. And they are back with us again and you may hear them any night over the radio during the dinner hour.

I know that these are the same orchestras that used to perform between the acts in the theatre because they have brought with them their dear old programs. I almost expect to hear them end their hours with "Exit March—El Capitan."

**T**HERE is a radio rule that all music played during the dinner hour must be refined and soothing, so that the customers won't get excited and choke to death. After an intensive study of these programs, I have ferreted out the fact that the Toscaninis of the hotel bands believe that the *pizzicato* from the "Sylvia" ballet music by Delibes is the ideal swallow-and-chew selection. Hundreds of thousands of children all over the country are growing up with the idea that the "Sylvia" music is somehow associated with steak and mashed potatoes.

The next most popular number on the dinner hours is "Pale Hands I Love," and something ought to be done about it. Just as you are enjoying an endive and orange salad,



DISGUSTED MANAGER (to his boy): See here, "Killer," can't you do a few swan-dives? I'm tired watching them jackknives!

along comes the radio with a bleat like this:

"I would have rather felt you 'round my thro-at, Choking out life, than wa-aving me farewell."

Since the Federal Radio Commission in Washington is so smart, why doesn't it permanently ban the works of Laurence Hope and Amy Woodforde Finden? As orchestra selections, they belong to the burnt-wood period of art and when sung by amateur sopranos, they are nothing short of a pain in the neck.

**T**HIS music-with-dinner idea is all right in theory but it doesn't work out. Most of the stations operate under the impression that six o'clock is the mean American dinner hour. Perhaps "average American dinner hour" is a nicer way of putting it. Of course, what really goes on between six and seven o'clock is none of the radio's business.

But if you do have music with your meals, what happens? Nothing short of an epidemic of indigestion. No sooner have you sat down at table than some one — usually a stranger — pipes up and wants to know if *that* is the best music you can get and why don't you

tune into those funny Happiness Boys? Well, it takes a lot of explaining to get over the point that it is Tuesday night and not Friday and so the Happiness Boys aren't available.

Then the hostess decides that the music is too loud and interferes with conversation, so the host turns down the radio to a faint squeal. But then a guest catches the strains of "The Merry Widow" and becomes very sentimental. So Father has to get up and put on full steam again. By that time the dinner — for Father, anyway — has become something like a game of Going to Jerusalem.

**I**N fairness to WEAf and WOR, if you want music between six and seven o'clock, you won't be annoyed if you turn to these stations. WEAf broadcasts the Waldorf-Astoria orchestra and WOR sends its music from the Commodore Hotel, where, if you listen sharply, you may hear canary birds singing in the back-ground.

However, at this season of the year, the only perfect dinner music comes with the broadcasting of the baseball scores.

Agnes Smith.

### Crash!

"**W**HERE did the train hit your car?"

"Right between the first and second payments."

**A**DD similes: "About as much chance as a circular in Lindbergh's mail."



"Did the ball come out, caddy?"

"No, sir—you got two turtles and a fish but no ball yet."

# IN GOLF..

everyone can enjoy the best

In polo or in yachting—in fact, in almost every field of recreation, the very best equipment is so high priced, it is limited to the few.

Golf is the one exception . . . . Good golfers need not be wealthy.

The best possible equipment costs only a little more than the ordinary.

For example, each year thousands upon thousands of golfers play the very highest priced . . . . the very best golf ball . . . . the imported Black Dunlop (\$1.00)



**\$ 1**

**THE**

**IMPORTED BLACK**

# DUNLOP





# Important Announcement

The May 10th issue will mark a turning point in LIFE'S spectacular career. LIFE, in fact, will assume an entirely NEW form.

The cover design will be NEW.

The typography will be NEW.

The make-up will be NEW.

There will be NEW features, by NEW contributors.

The reasons for this extraordinary change are precisely those which once impelled the Messrs. Colgate to present their celebrated tooth-paste in a new style container. "We couldn't improve the tooth-paste," said they, "so we improved the tube."

The first issue of the

# NEW LIFE

will be <sup>not</sup> released to the expectant public on May 10th (make a note of that date).

(Further announcements on this subject will appear in the Burlesque Number, next week.)

## Two College Professors Get Together

"HELLO, Parker. Fine morning, isn't it?"

"I forget. Is it really?"

"Now that you mention it, I don't remember either. But, tell me, why are you carrying that pail of garbage?"

"Garbage! Why, so it is. He-he! How sublimely ridiculous. I must have thrown those text books in the furnace."

"How indescribably ludicrous you are."

"I do not desire to be unduly inquisitive, my dear Stoneham, but curiosity is overcoming me. Pray, why do you wear your garter about your neck?"

"Have I?... Isn't that odd? And I tied my cravat about my left hose."

"Tee-hee. You should allow your wife to oversee your attire."

"But I have no wife. Tut! Tut! Of course I have. How careless of me to forget that I have a help-mate."

"What a curious phenomenon. The campus is deserted."

"Why, I really believe it is Sunday."

"So it is. How convulsing that both of us should have forgotten that. Shall we go to church?"

"Where is it?"

"I don't remember." R. H.

## Plot

THE Board of Directors waited impatiently while a score of harassed clerks frantically searched the office files for the missing document—a document which would make for the positive re-election of the Chairman of the Board. One, two, three hours passed, and still the document had not been found. The Chairman cleared his throat angrily:

"Send for Mr. Biggins, our efficiency engineer," he declared. "He will have no trouble whatever in finding that paper. And I would remind you, gentlemen, that I picked Mr. Biggins for the job he now holds, much against your better judgment."

Mr. Biggins arrived panting heavily. Apprised of the Board's needs, he dashed from the office and attacked the files.... The Board members sat back beaming their anticipation....

Did Mr. Biggins find the important missive?

No!

T. F. B.

NONE of the anthropoid apes can emit musical sounds. But, on the other hand, none of them try to.

# Are you a "One Watch" man?

*There's a world of sense  
in the two-watch idea—*

**A POCKET WATCH . . . AND A STRAP**

Do you open your top-coat to the driving spring rain, fumble with your gloves, and dive into the dark recesses of your vest to see what time it is?

At the wheel of your car do you go through a stretch of one-armed driving when you want to peek at your pocket watch?

On the golf links are you handicapped without the exact time of day about you?

Then this page is addressed to you. For there are few more sensible conveniences than this modern idea of a man owning two watches. Carry a fine Hamilton in your pocket for the innumerable moments during the day when the dignity of the situation demands the railroad accuracy of a pocket Hamilton.

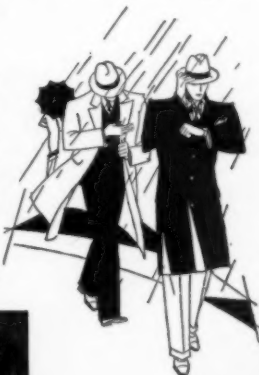
But own, in addition, a Hamilton Strap Watch

for the hundred-and-one occasions during the day when the time must be read from your wrist.

There are four beautiful Hamilton Strap Watches shown here. Possibly the beauty of the cases, the artistry of their designs, caught your eye.

What you cannot see, however, is that each of these watches—like the many other Hamilton Straps now at your jeweler's—is a member of the same Hamilton family whose reputation for unflagging accuracy has earned for it the title "the watch of railroad accuracy."

If you would like to read the interesting story of accurate watchmaking, send for "The Timekeeper." Hamilton Watch Company, 899 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



Right. The **BARREL**. Smart in simple appeal; sturdy and accurate on the wrist. Filled or 14k green or white gold, plain or engraved, \$55 to \$87



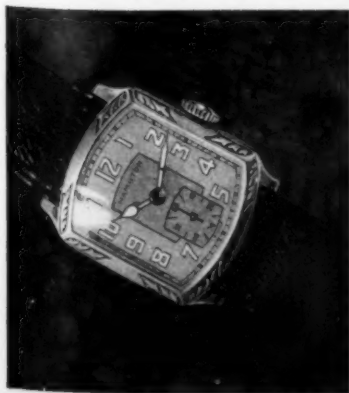
Below, the **BRUNSWICK**. Ultra-smart in beauty of line and engraving. In 14k green or white gold, \$112 to \$172.



Left. The **CUSHION**. Beauty with a simple richness in appearance. Filled or 14k green or white gold, plain or engraved, \$50 to \$77



Below. The **TONNEAU**. There's a hint of tomorrow in the outline and engraving of this mannish strap. In filled or 14k green or white gold, \$55 to \$87



Below. The **RECTANGULAR**. One of the very newest of the Hamilton Straps, offered cased in 18k hand-chased green or white gold at \$125



**Hamilton**  
THE WATCH of  
*Railroad Accuracy*





## Cursory Rhyme

LADY Mirabelle Muffet  
Reclined on a tuffet,  
Watching the Mannequin Parade.  
When her husband espied her  
He sat down beside her—  
"How lovely!" she murmured....  
He paid!

—London Daily Chronicle.

## Laugh and the World Laughs with You

I WENT to my dentist yesterday to have a small filling replaced. While I sat in the operating chair, the dentist was suddenly called to the waiting-room. It was another dentist, the nurse told me, who had a toothache and needed attention instantly. I excused my dentist for this emergency, and he conducted the patient into an adjoining cubicle. While I waited in comparative comfort, I heard the dentist-patient groan and cry:

"No, no! Don't touch it! Lord, no, pull it out. Pull it out!"

And there in that dentist chair I simply broke right down and laughed.

—"Cicero," in Detroit News.

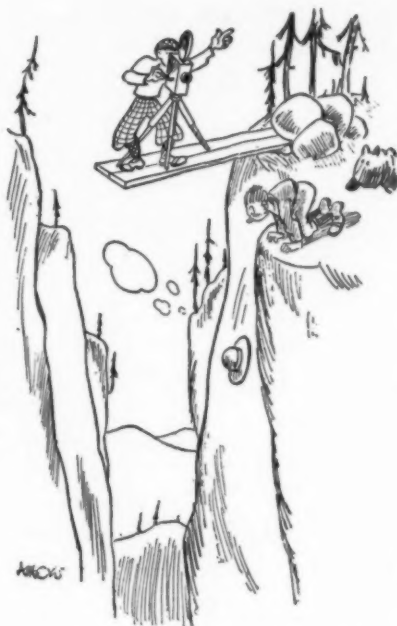
For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator—sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## Another Problem Solved

DICK: If I mailed a letter addressed to "the dumbest man in Chicago," I wonder who they'd deliver it to?

OSWALD (innocently): They'd probably return it to the sender.

—Chicago Evening Post.



Cameraman: GO AHEAD AND JUMP!  
THERE'S A MATTRESS DOWN THERE.

—Kasper (Stockholm).

## Meditation

IN love my luck is only fair,  
In cards it's really worse;  
But love is just a moment's care,  
In cards there is a purse.

—California Pelican.

## What Mother Didn't Know

THE closing of the Central Reserve of Minesweepers brings back to my mind a story of the early days of the war. A hefty young fellow of nineteen or thereabouts was asked by a local worthy why he did not join the Army.

"Mother won't let me," said the lad; "she says it's too dangerous in the trenches."

"Mother!" snorted the other. "What's your mother got to do with it?"

"Ah!" was the reply. "Ye don't know Mother."

The next time they met the lad was in sailor's rig.

"Hello!" said the older man. "What you up to, eh?"

"Minesweepin'," was the response.

"But that's more dangerous than the trenches."

"Yes," said the lad, "I know that—but Mother don't."

—London Morning Post.

## In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

## The Tender Passion

"Dear Annie Laurie:

"There is a fellow who drives an ice-cream truck through our city nearly every day. Although I have never spoken to him, when I learned he was going to take my girl friend to the theatre, a terrible feeling went through me and I am sure it is love. What do you think? I am 16 years old, 5 feet 3 inches tall and weigh 200 pounds.

"BROKENHEARTED."

—Advice column in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

It is love.—New Yorker.

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When white water  
roars a challenge



WHEN the rapids swirl and leap about you; when the swift current carries you on at express train speed, then you'll be most grateful for the perfect balance of your "Old Town Canoe."

"Old Towns" are patterned after actual Indian models. Famous for their steadiness and durability. Light in weight too. Priced as low as \$67. From dealer or factory.

New catalog gives complete information about all models, including sailing canoes, square-stern canoes, dinghies, etc. Also racing step-planes, baby buzz hydroplanes, etc. Write for free copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 1835 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

Next Week —

The

BURLESQUE  
NUMBER

in which LIFE  
insults all sorts  
of magazines from the  
Saturday Evening Post  
to the New Masses.

\* \* \*

Week After Next —

The

NEW  
LIFE

opening a new chapter in the  
history of American Humor!

Courts, course or  
club-house...

BEFORE you start out, put your hair in place for the day with Glo-Co. This liquid dressing makes a hit in the club-house and on the field. It does not mat down the hair nor impart artificial slickness. Wars on dandruff too. If you can't get it at your favorite drug store, department store or barber shop, send fifty cents for a full-size bottle to Glo-Co Company, 6511 McKinley Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. Same price in Canada, 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

**GLO-CO**  
LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

As necessary as the morning shave



## New Model Pocket Ben

The busier you are, the more you need a reliable watch.

This new model Pocket Ben is that kind—and it's not only good-looking but sturdy—dependable.

Sold everywhere for \$1.50. With night-and-day dial, \$2.25.

*Built by the makers of  
Big Ben and other Westclox*



WESTERN CLOCK  
COMPANY  
La Salle, Illinois

### New Auto Clock

Attractive, convenient, reliable. Fits any car. Quickly attached on dash or above wind-shield.

## Rhymed Reviews

### Disraeli

By André Maurois. D. Appleton & Co.

THIS work reveals the longings, aims  
And deeds of Benjamin Disraeli,  
Against whose blaze the colder flames  
Of Peel and Gladstone show but palely.

A sallow, keen, Byronic lad  
With fancy clothes and glossy ringlets,  
He wrote romances, mostly bad,  
And yearned to walk with dukes and kinglets.

Surmounting failure, on he went,  
Oppressed by debts he could not settle;  
He won a seat in Parliament,  
Made friends and foes and proved his mettle.

And then he married Mary Anne.  
This union, such as men disparage,—  
The bride was twelve years older than  
The bridegroom,—proved a perfect marriage.

As England's premier, earl and peer,  
The late contemned and hated "Dizzy,"  
His Empress-Queen's beloved vizier,  
Kept Europe's chancelleries busy.

He bought the new Suez Canal,  
He baffled Russia's moves completely;  
And kings were proud to call him pal  
And princes beamed upon him sweetly.

The game was keen, the stakes were high,  
He used the cards that Fate purveyed him;  
You see him, calm, polite and dry,  
About as Mr. Arliss played him.

Of politics he made an art,  
This chief of swift and bold decisions  
Whose genius warmed the nation's heart;  
He dreamed great dreams and saw great visions.

Arthur Guiterman.

THE peak of the magazine year—*The Burlesque Number* of LIFE. Out next week.

## Rich in health = values

### Fruit Nourishment Body-building Minerals Energy Value

Just as "good for you" as fresh fruit.

Welch's Grape Juice is the juice of fresh fruit—pressed right from ripe Concord grapes.

It tastes deliciously of the ripe grapes no matter how you serve it,—straight, blended or diluted,—because the flavor is so pure and rich. No other grape juice has the fine flavor of Welch's, because Welch's is pressed from the very choicest grapes.

At the soda fountain, ask for straight Welch's or a Welch-ade. Some favorite ways to serve Welch's at home are printed on every label.

**Free: Ideas for Popular Fruit Drinks** and occasions to serve them. Send a postcard to The Welch Grape Juice Co., L-83, Westfield, N. Y. In Canada—St. Catharines, Ont.



Mix Welch's half and half with ginger ale.

# WELCH'S

Once you've tasted Welch's  
no other grape juice will do



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned below.

### More or Less Serious

**American Laboratory.** 222 East 54th St.—Real drama lovers can find many good things in the repertory shown at this intimate Little Theatre.

**Civic Repertory.** 105 West 14th St.—Not much time left for catching up with Éva Le Gallienne's splendid offerings—to which she has lately added "Hedda Gabler." For repertory, see daily papers.

**Coquette.** Maxine Elliott's—Helen Hayes giving a splendid performance in a tragic story of youthful love and Southern chivalry.

**Dracula.** Fulton—An eerie vampire play, taken from Bram Stoker's famous novel and aimed at your spine with successful results.

**Interference.** Lyceum—Old-fashioned London melodrama with a high gloss applied by A. E. Matthews and a good company. Incriminating letters—poison—or what have you?

**King Henry V.** Hampden's—An authoritative revival by Walter Hampden, who knows his Shakespeare.

**The Ladder.** Cort—An excursion into the theory of reincarnation. Seats free—which says a lot.

**The Mystery Man.** Bayes—Not unless you just have to see a mystery play and have seen all the rest.

**The Outsider.** Ambassador—One of the few propaganda plays which have real dramatic value and love interest. Admirably acted by Isobel Elson and Lionel Atwill.

**Playing at Love.** Republic—The last Theatre Guild production of the season. To be reviewed later.

**Saturday's Children.** Forrest—A national favorite, in which the young wife loves him and leaves him—and comes back again. Featuring Ruth Gordon.

**The Scarlet Fox.** Masque—That clever and indefatigable *Sergeant Devlin* once more advertises the Royal Canadian Mounted. Very good entertainment.

**The Silent House.** Morasco—Melodrama at concert pitch. With Allan Dinehart and Helen Chandler. A thriller from start to finish.

**Strange Interlude.** Golden—One of the things you simply must see if you want to keep up with the theatre. A five-hour plunge with Eugene O'Neill into the private lives of a group of tense people. You'll feel intrusive, but Lynn Fontanne's beautiful acting will hold you.

**The Trial of Mary Dugan.** National—A thrilling melodrama dragged into the open through testimony and cross-examination in a courtroom. With Ann-Harding and Rex Cherryman. Good theatre.



### Comedy and Things Like That

**And So to Bed.** Bijou—One of Mr. Pepys' little heart attacks. A delightful bit of dalliance, with Wallace Eddinger as Mr. Pepys.

**The Bachelor Father.** Belasco—Three young people who are their father's own children come home to comfort him. June Walker and Geoffrey Kerr keep the comedy and the complications going.

**The Behavior of Mrs. Crane.** Earl Carroll—If you steal a woman's husband you should provide her with another—and that's all there is to it, says Margaret Lawrence, who does good work in this somewhat foolish play.

**Bottled.** Booth—To be reviewed later.

**Burlesque.** Plymouth—Hal Skelly and Barbara Stanwyck as the burlesque team who make it difficult for love to find a way. A great show.

**Excess Baggage.** Ritz—How the troupers live and love. The smashing finale is worth the price of admission.

**The Ivory Door.** Charles Hopkins—A mild and pleasant fantasy. Recommended to those who are likely to run a temperature at the theatre.

**March Hares.** Little—Interesting satire on temperament, for those who don't ask too much coherence in their drama. Some really uproarious moments.

**Our Betters.** Henry Miller's—Maugham's impertinent critique of Americans who try to crash London society. A bit old-fashioned but giving Ina Claire a grand chance to glitter.

**Paris Bound.** Music Box—Pity the poor young sophisticates who dabble in infidelity! Madge Kennedy solves her problem by leaving it alone in Philip Barry's sparkling comedy.

**The Play's the Thing.** Empire—A racy trifle by Molnár, which dances on the edge of naughtiness. Holbrook Blinn in the leading rôle.

**The Queen's Husband.** Playhouse—R. E. Sherwood's merry and satiric comedy, with Roland Young as the gentle King who stops revolutions and fixes up love affairs. Splendid entertainment.

**The Royal Family.** Selwyn—Highly exciting home-life of three generations of hidalgo stage-folk. A vivid and tender play.

**The Shannons of Broadway.** Martin Beck—The Gleasons mix comedy, pathos and a dash of good old hokum into a swell show.

**Volpone.** Guild—New version of Ben Jonson's hilarious old comedy, done to a turn by the Theatre Guild. To be reviewed later.

(Continued on page 31)

ALL your literary loves  
and some of your hates  
are in *The Burlesque Number*  
of LIFE... Out Next Week.



The rest of the Scenic  
World is the Overture

**Norway**

Is the OPERA

Request Booklet 66

Norwegian Government Railways  
Travel Bureau

342 Madison Ave. New York City



# Chew DENTYNE .. and smile!



You can't help liking the man who has a winning smile. And somehow he gets things done! Teeth count a lot in a real smile — Keep them sparkling white with delicious Dentyne. It's a quality gum. Chew Dentyne ... and smile!

·KEEPS TEETH WHITE·

## EUROPE Going?

No matter whether you plan to spend \$300 or \$3000, our specially prepared descriptive booklet, sent free on request, will be invaluable. Tours with escort. Independent Tours. Private Auto Tours.

**DEAN & DAWSON, Ltd.**  
500 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Established 57 years

40 European Offices

LONDON PARIS ROME CAIRO

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

### A Rake-off

A COLORED man went to his pastor and handed him a letter to the Lord, which ran: "Please send dis poor darkey \$50 right away." The pastor, a kind-hearted man, called together several of his friends and said: "This poor fellow has so much faith in the Lord that he expects Him to send the \$50 right away. We shouldn't let him be disappointed. Let's make a collection for him." This was done and \$42 was contributed, which sum was sent to the ingenious petitioner.

Next day the colored man handed the parson another letter. This one ran: "Dear Lord: De nex' time You send dis darkey money, don't send it through no parson—send it to me direct."

—Boston Transcript.

BLINKS: I'm looking forward to June with more pleasure than usual this year.

JINKS: How come?

BLINKS: I haven't a single young friend who is slated to graduate this year, and don't know a soul who is going to be married.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### The Pioneer

"THE boy stood on the burning deck..."  
How often have we said it!

But may I add

That famous lad

Deserved a lot of credit?

He did a lot—that red-hot tot—

He coined a phrase, in sooth,

For though the sheiks and shebas reign

These latter days, it's very plain

That he forever will remain

The foremost Flaming Youth!

—Arthur L. Lippmann,

in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

### Revived

A RECENTLY appointed vicar, in his first sermon, spoke severely against betting. After the sermon was over a parishioner told the clergyman that one of the wealthiest members of his congregation was a notorious gambler. The vicar, not wishing to begin badly, approached the rich man after the service, and said:

"I'm afraid I must have offended you to-day, but—"

"Don't mention it," was the answer.

"It's a mighty bad sermon that doesn't hit me somewhere."

—London Daily Chronicle.

"The girl put up a plucky fight, and in the end the bandit was overpowered."

—Short Story.

We are not a bit surprised.

—Humorist (London).



## To PARIS & ITALY

Marseilles, Vienna, Trieste, Italy and Central Europe

For a change—try this de luxe Southern Service to Paris, via Marseilles. World's fastest motor-ships to Paris, Vienna, Trieste, Rome, the Riviera and Central Europe. The last word in luxurious accommodations and cuisine. Motor ferry service—drive on here, drive off at destination—no crating or packing; surprisingly economical rates. Send for brochure of interiors, descriptions, rates, and sailing dates.

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24000 Gross Tons— 24000 Gross Tons—

No Smoke or Cinders · No Smoke or Cinders

### PRESIDENTE WILSON

Famous for Her Superior Service to Italy

## Confidential Drama Guide

(Continued from page 29)

### Eye and Ear Entertainment

**The Beggar's Opera.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—Effective revival of John Gay's interesting work.

**A Connecticut Yankee.** *Vanderbilt*—King Arthur and his Gang set to music—and why not? With William Gaxton and Constance Carpenter.

**The Five O'Clock Girl.** *Shubert*—Just about as satisfactory as a musical show can be. With Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw.

**Funny Face.** *Alvin*—The sort of thing that makes a lot of other shows seem flat. Those dancing Astaires in top form, and Victor Moore and William Kent to make you laugh.

**Golden Dawn.** *Hammerstein's*—Operetta in a big way.

**Good News.** *Forty-Sixth St.*—Co-eds take their degrees with song and dance. A riotous musical comedy totally disregarding the speed limit.

**The Greenwich Village Follies.** *Winter Garden*—The new revue. To be reviewed later.

## Be Little that's the Charm



## Banish Fat in this easy way

All ideas of beauty, style and fitness call for slender figures now. All who seek to please, in movies or society, must banish excess fat.

Note how many do that. In every circle you can see that most folks now are slender. Fat is the exception.

One great reason is Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others. The slender figures now seen everywhere are largely due to that.

No abnormal exercise or diet is required, though moderation helps. The results of Marmola come through supplying a substance which Nature employs in nutrition. Its purpose is to turn food into fuel and energy, rather than into fat. The use is based on wide research and experiment.

Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the reasons for results. This is to let you know just why it acts and avoid any fear of harm.

Marmola has for two decades held top place in this field. Go learn the reason. Watch what it does for beauty, health and vitality! Then tell your friends who need it. No one can afford to be abnormal when reduction is so easy. Order now—before you forget it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

**MARMOLA**  
Prescription Tablets  
*The Pleasant Way to Reduce*

## ASK THE HOSTESS

When the guests have gone, she sees ashtrays of half-smoked cigarettes. It's all because the ordinary cigarette burns so fast that it cooks away its own flavor. Becomes too hot, too parching to be enjoyable. With Melachrino you're at the height of enjoyment at the half-way point. The fine Turkish tobaccos are slow-burning... therefore cool... therefore mild. That's why you enjoy Melachrino to the tippiest end.



*The ONE cigarette sold the world over*

MILD AND COOL  
**MELACHRINO**  
CIGARETTES PLAIN, CORK and STRAW ENDS

**Keep Shufflin'.** *Daly's*—A high-stepping colored show with Miller and Lyles.

**Manhattan Mary.** *Apollo*—Well, there's Ed Wynn—

**The Merry Malones.** *Erlanger's*—One of those Cohan musical shows.

**My Maryland.** *Jolson's*—The Yank and Johnnie Reb sing it out together.

**Rain or Shine.** *Cohan*—A first-rate circus entirely surrounded by Joe Cook.

**Rosalie.** *New Amsterdam*—Gershwin has written some great music for Jack Donahue and Marilyn Miller. This is a swell show.

**Show Boat.** *Ziegfeld*—Edna Ferber's romance turned into extravaganza. Real music and a great cast.

**Sunny Days.** *Imperial*—"A Kiss in a Taxi" goes musical. Frank McIntyre and Billy B. Van provide the laughs.

**Take the Air.** *Waldorf*—Will Mahoney's clowning is almost the whole show. The rest is a nice little musical comedy of aviation.

**The Three Musketeers.** *Lyric*—Mr. Ziegfeld's ace of shows. Don't miss it.

*FULL of fun, replete with  
ridicule, stuffed with satire—  
The Burlesque Number  
of LIFE. Coming Next Week.*

**ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR:** Do you know, my dear, I was so busy remembering what you asked me to buy you that I forgot to stop and get it.

—Boston Transcript.

# STOPS

## AIR SICKNESS

—nausea, dizziness and faintness caused by all forms of Travel Motion. Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air Travel Sickness yields promptly to Mothersill's.

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The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.  
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**MOTHERSILL'S  
SEASICK  
REMEDY**  
25 Years In Use

## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you  
forget that it is your wedding  
anniversary . . . . be nonchalant  
. . . . light a MURAD Cigarette.



## Reading from Left to Right

DrdLA, the composer of "Souvenir," hasn't won a very great place in music, a news item says. With a name like that, however, he should go over big in our eye-testing charts.—*Detroit News*.

## The Dream and the Awakening

SCHOOLBOY HOWLER: "A somnambulist is a man who writes a poem, but is frightened to send it up because they might say nasty things about it."

—*London Morning Post*.



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THE DEVINNE-HALLENBECK COMPANY, INC., PRINTERS, NEW YORK

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 8)

a misfortune it would be to be stopped by an inquiring photographer when not wearing one's most becoming hat, a circumstance which befell my hairdresser, Emilie Fongeront, only the other day. Then discoursing with Sam on the bright spring weather, and he confided to me that the arrival of shad roe meant more in his life than the time of the singing of birds. He did lend me the briquet, too, which Dutch Bonfoey brought him from London, one of my life's ambitions being to achieve a light with a single dexterous gesture, but methinks I shall be thwarted therein, having so great a fear of both fire and machinery. A letter from my mother by the first post asking if I can use an ermine collar which she is removing from one of her wraps, and I do mean to reply in the affirmative, even though I turn out to look like the chorus of peers in "Iolanthe," albeit I dare say my parent has had the spots excoriated in accordance with modern fashion. In this connection I shall never forget C. Percy's story of the woman who complained to her tailor because the summer ermine collar on her coat did not turn white when the first snow flew. Lunched alone at home on one of my favorite menus, tinned corned beef, for which my liking dates from childhood and shocks the civilized gentry, and endive with Roquefort dressing, and then out to buy some curtain stuff and an ice-cream freezer, wondering the while how professional humorists attribute to women a love of shopping, which is really a ghastly experience. Marge Boothby and Bib Truxton to dinner, during the course of which I did remark that I am not yet ever quite certain of the difference between "ingenuous" and "ingenious" without stopping to think, which did set Sam into such a gale that I should not have been astonished had he slapped his thighs, but he did finish off by remarking that nothing is equal to the humor of life itself, not even bothering to give H. L. Mencken an assist.

Baird Leonard.

*If you are one of those people who believe that imitation is always the sincerest form of flattery — read the Burlesque Number of LIFE. It goes on the newsstands next Friday.*



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